

I get around

By
RONALD
RICHARDS



DOES ANYONE WANT A STUFFED BEAR, AN ADMIRAL'S HAT OR A MILK CHURN?

INGENUITY, vital in the make-up of a journalist, obviously was not lacking in the case of Tom Treaner, an American correspondent, whose story is told in "Time."

Tom Treaner was determined to become a war correspondent. He wired the "New York Times," asking if it would pay his daily living expenses if he could get a free bomber ride to Middle East.

"Times" wired him his fare. Treaner bought a ticket for Cairo, and reached there as Rommel approached Alexandria. The British refused to accredit him, and he was not permitted to go to the front.

For 70 cents he purchased a pair of correspondents' shoulder straps, "borrowed" a British military truck, went to the front, and was back in Cairo before the British M.O.I. even knew he had gone.

The British stripped him of his illegal insignia. Ferreting round a rear R.A.F. base, Treaner wangled a free bomber ride to Malta, then to Gibraltar. On his way back to Egypt he saw the bombing of Navarino Bay.

Treaner then contacted the New Zealanders, and was taken into the Battle of El Alamein. He was in the battle-zone five days before the British spotted him and complained of him to U.S. Army.

Tom was then ordered by his paper to leave the Near East. First plane out was en route for India, so Tom boarded it.

In India he was at last accredited, saw jungle fighting, went along when U.S. bombers plastered Rangoon, and eventually reached China. So, says "Time," "he can go on being a 'New York Times' man for ever!"

UNAFFECTED by war is London Transport's Lost Property Office. "We are still very prosperous, thank you," I was informed yesterday.

They are friendly folk, these lost property merchants, particularly when one is not calling for a lost article.

All the racks were full; in the register were fourteen hundred umbrellas, eighty walking sticks, a parrot in a straw cage,

an Admiral's full-dress hat, a milk churn, hundreds of tobacco pouches and more pipes, complete sets of lingerie, shrubs, eleven kittens, a stuffed bear, and a monkey.

In the department devoted to military equipment were hundreds of respirators, greatcoats, tunics, underwear (male and female issue), rifles and automatic arms.

THE pictures still seem the place to meet people.

Mr. John Macey, aged 83, of Upper Edmonton, and Mrs. Ada Chamberlain, aged 74, of Lower Edmonton, both members of an old-age pensioners' club, are to marry in September. Mr. Macey has been married once before, and Mrs. Chamberlain twice.

She told me: "We met at the pictures 18 months ago, and then at the club. As we both felt lonely we decided to be married."

The Mayor of Edmonton is to give the bride away, and the club secretary will be best man.

AN American newspaper, quoting Field Marshal Wavell's description of the ideal modern soldier (part burglar, part footpad, part athlete, part gunman), adds: "If this is on the level, General Eisenhower is overlooking a lot of good material."

The newspaper is "The Atlantian," published in Atlanta by convicts in the Georgia Penitentiary.

ONCE we would have laughed at such a statement as this; now the marvels of science may hold back our grins.

A popular scientific magazine says: "That pugnacious element in human nature which makes a man susceptible to provocation and willing to fight, may be chemically eliminated in future if scientists can perfect a treatment which will alter the composition of the body by giving an antidote for pugnaciousness, as for any other poison."

Can you believe in world peace by injection?

IT is costly to clothe a girl nowadays.—Tottenham J.P.

Have times changed?

THE only notice I saw in London's newspapers regarding the death of Charlie Roberts was that he passed away at his home at the age of 79.

Few realised, I think, that Mr. Charles D. Roberts was the only chairman Tottenham Hotspur F.C. has had since the club became a limited company in 1898.

He was a great sportsman and inspiration to club members and local juvenile teams.

It was for many years his contention that big-scale transfers were more injurious to football than beneficial.



"It's bait, see? I pay out the line in a cafe, and when I haul in he comes back with a blonde."

Seaman Hughes There— Lancashire Calling!

DOT WAINE sends you her love—and this picture.

She says she's waiting for the time when you can pull the bell ropes at St. Helens, Lancashire, again.

"Remember," she adds, "the time we met in a milk bar?"

The first time you two ever met?

Dot is doing very well at her job in the aircraft factory.



There are some things even you don't know ABOUT PUBS

Says MARTIN THORNHILL

DISTINGUISHED overseas visitors to London are continually coming and going; and our pride in our pubs flares up afresh when, in their first leisure hours, our guests inquire eagerly for the best place to go for a drink.

"Where are the King's Pubs?" asked Harry Hopkins. But the answer to that one needed an official from Buckingham Palace.

Officially there are no such places—now. But there are the "inns and hostels" whose licences are still granted by the Board of Green Cloth, a survival of the time when kings lived at Whitehall Palace. Only five remain, all within hail of the old Royal Household—the Ship, the Shades, the Silver Cross, the Clarence, and the Whitehall Court.

But, bless you, Harry, we can lead you to hosts of old pubs which hide intriguing stories, grim, weird, always colourful, relics of the past.

★ ★ ★
old proverb, "Let the weakest go to the wall."

CURE FOR D.T.s.

There's luck in an old horse-shoe. We believe it, if we don't admit it. In Lincolnshire they've a notion that horse-shoe fortune goes far beyond mere good luck. It's a sure safeguard against delirium tremens!

It was a Lincs man named Kelsey who came to London, not forgetting his horse-shoe, and became landlord of what is now the Horse-shoe, in Tottenham Court Road.

Incidentally, England's most noteworthy pub in some ways is the Horse-shoe at Llanyblodwell, Shropshire. The man who runs it is a Mr. Lloyd. It has been in his family for over 400 years, since the days of Good Queen Bess.

Ever been to the Prince of Wales, Camden Town, and noted the glue-pot hanging in the saloon bar? The pub used to go by that name, and the pot is one of the originals used by a woodworker of the time. Piece-work was the order of the day, and in the lunch-hour a worker would bring his glue-pot with him, and put it on the stove to keep warm till he'd finished eating.

Alone of all taverns in the land, the Castle Inn, near Farringdon Street, has the distinction of a pawnbroker's licence. It so happened that George III, not having the price of a drink when he was once down that way, borrowed it from the innkeeper, leaving his watch as a pledge. Every year, to celebrate the event, the pawnbroker's licence was renewed, and the familiar sign hung in the bar.

London's Underground station, Elephant and Castle, bears the name of one of the oldest inns in the capital, a name bestowed because centuries ago the Infanta de Castilia lived there. And you can forgive Cockney tongues for changing the name to something more pronounceable, even if it didn't make much sense.

There are very few taverns which have not some tale to tell which, noised abroad, would bring visitors flocking from far and near. Few houses, however, attempt to glamorise their business in this way. There's one big exception—Dirty Dick's of Aldgate. The original Dick lost his bride on their wedding eve, and so great was his grief that he vowed never again to wash. But we have already told you his story.

Out Hampstead way, Jack Straw's Castle was damaged by a bomb in 1939. It was the nickname of a leader in the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, which came to nothing, and so the name grew to mean a man of straw—a person of little worth. Like Straw's Castle, a good many inns harbour the dramas behind the origins of famous sayings. There's an ancient bench still standing against a wall in Ye Olde Bell, at Hurley, Berks, which is believed to be responsible for the centuries-

Another Berkshire Inn, St. Crispin's, in Windsor Forest, has the only bar in the world which is also a church. Once a year, on Christmas Eve, the local padre fulfils a time-honoured custom by turning into the pub, buying a drink, then holding a service in the saloon.

In Kent there are three taverns with teasing tales to tell. At Petts Wood, near Chislehurst, is an inn dedicated to William Willett, the bright fellow who gave us daylight saving.

Of course, it is called the Daylight Inn, and its sign is two clocks revolving around a jovial portrait of the sun.

In the Cricketers Inn at Meopham there is a novel "visitors' book." Travellers from all over the world pin their cards to its cherished walls and ceiling.

Most inns have held the same names for centuries. One at Hever, near Sevenoaks, has had four in 400 years. At Hever Castle, much-married Henry wooed Anne Boleyn. Then the inn was known as the Bullayn Arms. But Anne lost her head, and the innkeeper daringly changed the name to the "Bullayn Butchered."

HENRY CAUSED IT.

When Elizabeth mounted the throne she deplored this gruesome reminder of her mother's fate at the hands of her own father, and she caused the name to be altered to "Bull and Butcher." Even that didn't stick—and for years now it has been the "Henry the Eighth."

In some strange way, atmosphere appears to affect the ale. Beer has a flavour all its own in the old Tan Hill, England's highest inn, near Keld, Swaledale, 1,732 feet higher than the sea; in the "first and last inn in England," at Sennen, Land's End; and in the only pub in England where the beer has to be brought downstairs.

The bar here is an old smugglers' cellar, ten feet below road-level, and but a few yards from the pounding seas. You'll find it in the Cornish fishing hamlet of St. Mawes, just across the bay from Falmouth.

And there's savoury beer, if unsavoury history, in the taproom of Ye Olde Ostriche Inne at Colnbrook, near London. In its eerie Blue Room a villainous landlord named Jarman murdered and robbed no less than sixty of his guests.

HAVE YOU ANY?

Jokes, Drawings or Stories from your ship's magazine. Send them to the Editor at the address on top of back page.

Periscope
PageWANGLING
WORDS—97

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after TAT, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of TIN PLEASE, to make an Eastern country.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CHEAP into PRICE, FISH into BAIT, SEVEN into BELLS, FOX into FUR.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CATECHISM?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 96

1. PHYllomORPHY.
2. WESTWARD HO.
3. LORD, LARD, WARD, WARE, MARE, MAZE, LAZE, LAZY, LADY, MINOR, MANOR, MAJOR, OIL, AIL, AID, LID, LIT, PIT, PIN, PAN, CAN, WARD, HARD, HARE, TARE, TORE, LORE, LOBE, ROBE.
4. Band, Dune, Nude, Dace, Cade, Cane, Bead, Bade, Bane, Cube, Abed, Dane, etc. Dunce, Dance, Cuban, Caned, Cubed, etc.

S	A	V	A	N	N	A	H
B	R	O	O	K	L	Y	N
E	D	M	O	N	T	O	N
W	I	N	N	I	P	E	G
O	K	L	A	H	O	M	A
M	O	N	T	R	E	A	L

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

Answers to Quiz
in No. 134

1. The South African ant-bear.
2. (a) George Borrow, (b) George Eliot.
3. Oxford is an inland city; the others are ports.
4. A knife used by Malaysians.
5. At Peacehaven, and near the Wash.
6. A Polish coin.
7. Play it; it is a brass wind instrument.
8. Yellow Goat's Beard, a weed.
9. Hero of a novel by Joseph Conrad.
10. Byron.
11. 1871.
12. A tadpole.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10							11
12					13	14		
15			16	17				
18		19			20			21
		22			23			
24	25	26			27		28	29
	30			31			32	
33					34	35		
36				37				
38					39			

CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Top.
- 3 Throng.
- 4 Fish.
- 5 Way of approach.
- 6 Rebuff.
- 7 Active.
- 8 Province of South Africa.
- 9 Watcher.
- 12 Tennis stroke.
- 14 Sister.
- 17 Obliterate.
- 19 Inferior meat.
- 21 Produce.
- 23 Bondage.
- 25 Stranger.
- 26 Shelf.
- 28 Heels.
- 29 Brink.
- 31 Obligation.
- 33 Spring.
- 35 Court.

A PROBOSCIS
CHEERY HULK
CARVE TITLE
ERSE VANE P
DROLLERY J
EON OLD SOB
W LADYLIKE
H DAFT OMIT
EPICS POINT
LARK MANAGE
PRESTATYN R

THE TERRIBLE SECRET
LAID BARE

TWELVE o'clock had scarce rung out over London ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons, and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.

"Are you from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

He told me "Yes" by a constrained gesture, and when I had bidden him enter he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square.

There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's-eye open; and at the sight I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably, and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting-room I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him.

I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and—last, but not least, with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighbourhood.

This bore some resemblance to incipient rigor, and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse.

At the time I set it down to some idiosyncratic, personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of the man, and to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred.

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck me in what I can only describe as a disgusting curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would have made an ordinary person laughable.

His clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement—the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders.

Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character there was added a

curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world.

These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?" And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Come, sir," said I, "you forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please."

I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat, and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied, civilly enough. "What you say is very well founded, and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness. I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment, and I understood . . ." he paused, and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—"I understood, a drawer . . ."

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table, and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws, and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

"Compose yourself," said I. He turned a dreadful smile to me, and as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet.

At sight of the contents he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" he asked.

I rose from my place with something of an effort, and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce

audibly, and to throw off small fumes of vapour.

Suddenly, and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased, and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green.

My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? Will you be guided? Will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand and to go

nues to fame and power shall be laid open to you here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan."

"Sir," said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, "you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "Lanyon, you remember your vows; what follows is

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman

DRINK—IN THE NAME OF ALLAH!

Nothing is refused by one Believer to another if asked "in the name of Allah"; and water is very precious in Arabia. This camel-driver, his beast laden with water-jars, stopped beside the Mosque of Saheliya to give a free drink of water to a wayfarer, who had used the name of the Prophet in his request for refreshment. The reward, according to Mohammed himself, will be given in Paradise for the act of kindness. Allah akbar Islam!

forth from your house without further parley? Or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide.

"As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul."

"Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new ave-

under the seal of our profession.

"And now, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views, you who have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine, you who have derided your superiors—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips and drank at one gulp.

And as I looked there came, I thought a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black, and the features seemed to melt and

Dr. JEKYLL
and
Mr. HYDE
By R. L.
Stevenson

QUIZ
for today

1. What is a Tontony pig?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Silver Box," (b) "The Wrong Box"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder" and why? Brighton, Hove, Eastbourne, Folkestone, Littlehampton, Bexhill.
4. What is a dime?
5. What was Atlantis?
6. What is a Cremona?
7. What is meant by crapulence?
8. What is the county town of Somerset?
9. Who was Mulvaney?
10. A turtle is covered by—a shell, cortex, cupola, carapace, callus?
11. In whose reign was Greenwich Observatory built?
12. What do the letters M.C.C. stand for?

alter—and the next moment I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

"Oh God!" I screamed, and "Oh God!" again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken, and half-fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

What he told me in the next hour I cannot bring my mind to set on paper.

I saw what I saw, I heard what I heard, and my soul sickened at it; and yet now, when that sight has faded from my eyes, I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer.

My life is shaken to its roots; sleep has left me; the deadliest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night; I feel that my days are numbered and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous.

As for the moral turpitude that man unveiled to me, even with tears of penitence, I cannot, even in memory, dwell on it without a start of horror. I will say but one thing, Utterson, and that (if you can bring your mind to credit it) will be more than enough.

The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll's own confession, known by the name of Hyde, and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.

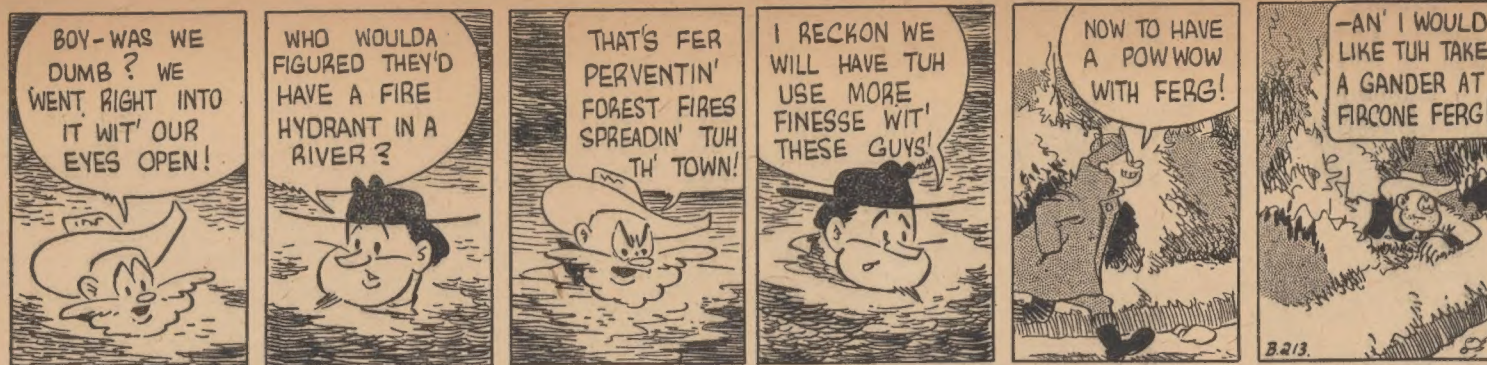
—HASTIE LANYON.

(To be continued)

JANE



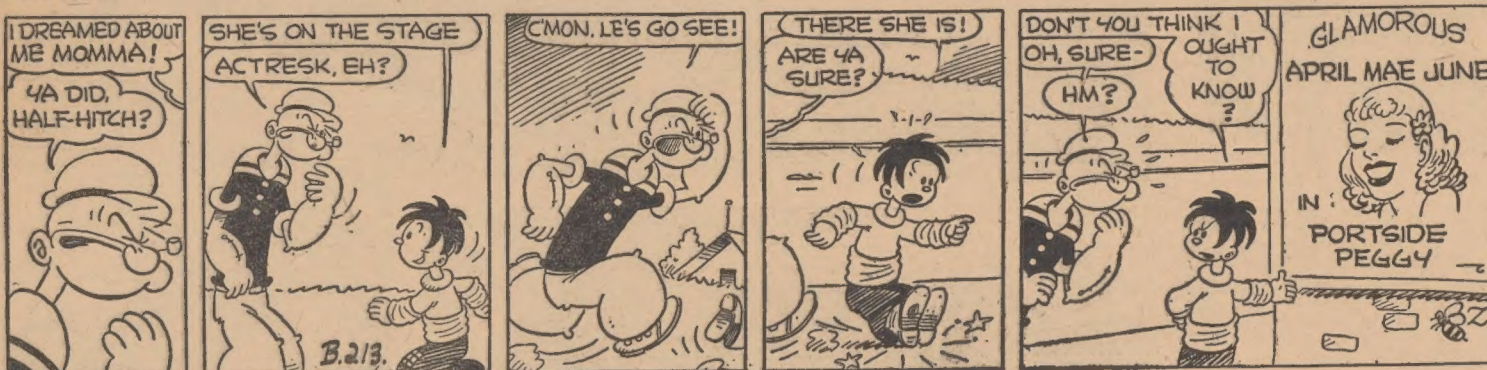
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



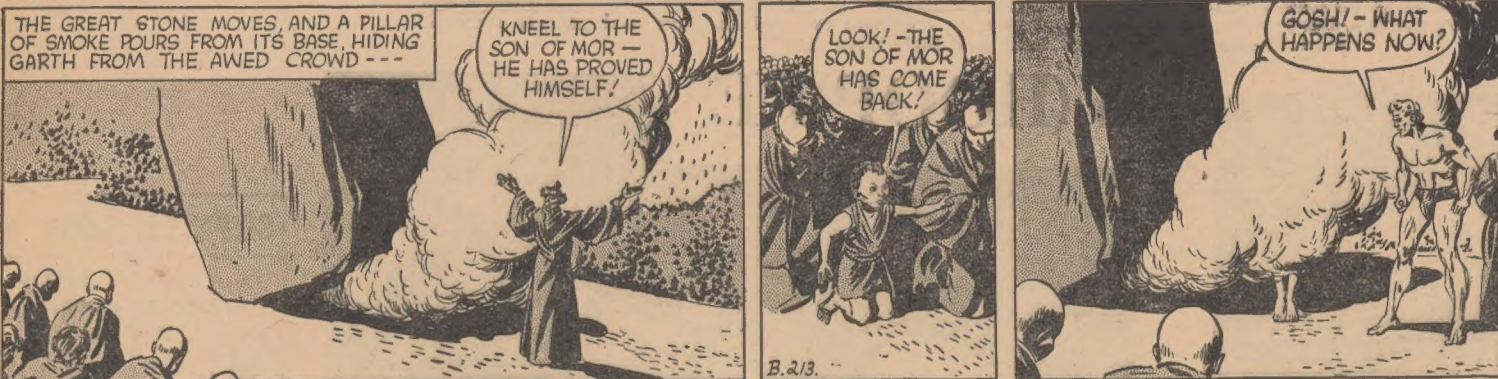
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Searching the World for Pipe wood

By ANDRE THORNWOOD

PIPE-SMOKERS—and there is nothing real smokers like better than a pipe—may be having their pipes made of Supple Jack or Tulip Plum wood before long.

The pipe-makers have been searching every available spot in the world for a good substitute for briar; and so far they can't find it.

It is true that a cargo of briar arrived recently in this country, but what is one supply of briar to a trade that needs a constant stream of supplies? So experiments with other woods are going on.

THE IDEAL WOOD.

The wood in which we smoke tobacco must have very special qualities. It must be hard, very hard, but capable of turning. It must not be porous. It has to take a fine finish. It must not give a taste to the tobacco. It must be of a pleasing colour; and it must not be too expensive.

Dozens of woods in the Empire and Dominions have been tried since the war affected supplies.

In Australia they searched and searched for wood that could be made into pipes. They found some with lovely names—Supple Jack, Tulip Plum, Red Bloodwood, Grey Ironbox, Boonery, Flame She Oak and Rose She Oak.

Before they took the root-block they tried the woods themselves by cutting pieces from the trees. Some woods have split when tobacco began to smoulder within the bowls. Many have cracked in the turning lathe.

One wood had great promise—Burma teak. It makes good enough pipes, but it cannot be "broken in" except by time; and it is too heavy at that.

In America they have tried apple-root, maple and hickory. But these cannot be turned, and must be shaped like a cherry-wood pipe, with the stem and bowl in two pieces.

HARD TO FIND.

So they took up laurel and rhododendron shrubs and tried them. But they weren't good enough.

They tried Madrona, of the Western States. It is a beautiful tree. But it was the roots that were wanted, and the roots were not allowed to be dug up.

English yew has been tried. Its fault is that, while it burns after the first two or three smokes, the bowl and stem then begin to split.

They went to Eire and dug up the Strawberry tree. It grows around Killarney. It has its own peculiar faults.

It is in a laboratory in Buckinghamshire that the experts test all pipe woods. They call it the Forest Products Laboratory, and its corridors are lined with woods from everywhere—oaks, sycamore, mahogany, and hundreds more. But they haven't found a good substitute for pipes.

Tobacco pipe-makers go to the laboratory for advice. Time and time again tests have turned out negative: too much flavour, burning too softly, or not at all, too spongy, too much resin, too brittle, too hard, too something or other—these are the verdicts.

At this laboratory they can tell you why a golf club head should be made of persimmon wood. They have a machine that subjects all woods to stress and friction, and the machine bangs the woods up to the breaking strain.

SEARCH ENDS IN SMOKE!

Some time ago the laboratory issued a statement about tobacco pipes. "It is unlikely that any timber will prove suitable for making pipes of the ordinary briar type with the stem and bowl in one piece." So far the search has been fruitless.

There is only one place in all the world where the briar heath tree can be found. It is in Algeria; but although we have recovered Algeria, the pipe-makers are still searching the world's forests. We can't grow the heath tree here, for the winters kill it. It likes hard, stony ground, arid conditions; and it shivers to death in snow. Why do they call it French briar? Because it was in France that the turning and finishing were done to the root burrs.

So stick to your old briar.

Send your—
Stories, Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

REQUEST NUMBER

Yes, boys. Here's Ann Sheridan, the famous Warner Bros. star. Must have known you'd been asking for her, even throwing in a kiss, as well.



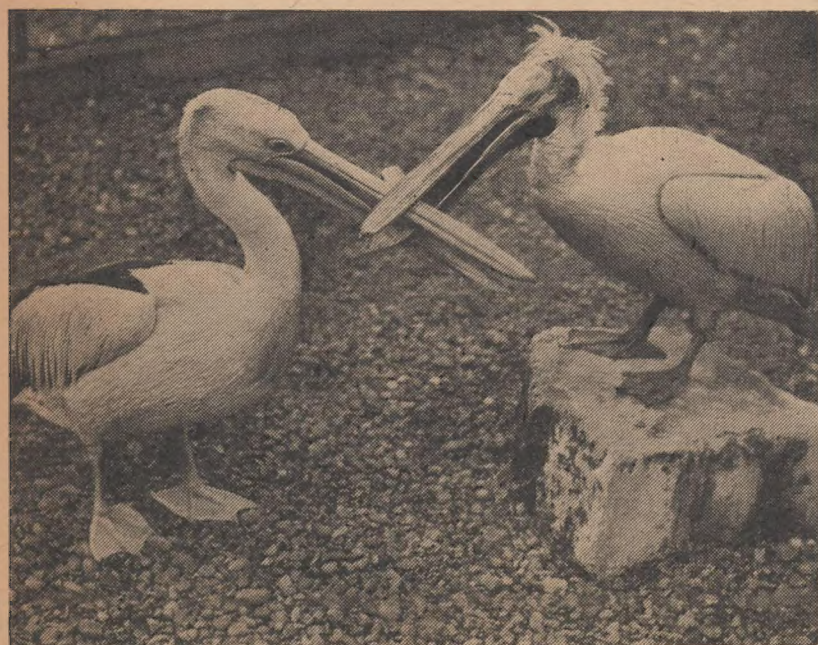
This Scotland

Queen's View, Loch Tummel, Perthshire. "By Tummel and Loch Rannoch and Lochaber I will go" (The Road to the Isles).



"Hmm. I used to envy you pet dogs, with your comfort, but give me freedom every time. You look utterly dejected tied to that post. Break away and let's have fun."

W(HOOP)EE



"Danged if I'll let go." "Danged if I will." "O.K., then we'll stay like this for ever."



Well, perhaps he is taking it to the salvage dump. Or is he?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'm 'tyred' of being on this page, anyway!"

